

EARL DOZIER CHARGED WITH ATTEMPT AT FRAUD

Said to Have Tried to Work Short-
Change Game in Drug
Store.

ARRESTED AFTER LONG CHASE

Hypodermic Needle and Small Quantity
of Morphine Found on Young
Man, Who Says He Is From
Norfolk.

Earl Dozier, twenty-six years old, who claims to have come from Norfolk, was arrested early last night by Policeman Hooker, on a charge of being a suspicious character, suspected of attempted larceny, after a chase which extended from First and Broad Streets to Eighth and Marshall. A hypodermic needle and a small quantity of morphine was found in the man's possession, and it is thought he is addicted to the drug habit. He will be held until arraigned in Police Court tomorrow morning.

Policeman Hooker, in citizen's clothes, was standing in Polk Miller's drug store, near First and Broad streets, early in the evening, when Dozier and another young man entered. Dozier selected a can of talcum powder, and went to the cashier's desk to pay for the purchase. The other man is said to have attracted the attention of those around him and to have caused the cashier to notice him. In the meantime, Dozier is alleged to have presented a \$5 bill in payment for the 15-cent purchase.

ASKS FOR \$10 BILL IN
CHANGE FOR PURCHASE

The cashier counted out his change, and as he was about to give it to him, he is said to have drawn out another \$5 bill and to have asked her to give him a \$10 bill. The cashier reached into her desk to secure the bill, and Dozier is alleged to have covered the \$5 bill in his hand and to have endeavored to have her give him the bill of the larger denomination in exchange for his change, which still lay on top of the \$5 bill. The bill which he had originally presented.

"I can't do that," the cashier said, as she hesitated with the \$10 bill held tightly in her hand. "Why, that man is trying to get all of the money," she is said to have exclaimed when she realized the extent of the alleged attempted deception. Dozier became alarmed at once. It is said, and reaching into the cage, he secured his change and made a dash for the door. At the same time he departed the other man also hurried out. One turned east and the other west when they gained the street, and Policeman Hooker, who had seen most of the incident, followed Dozier.

Hooker says that the man hurried down Broad Street to Second and then went over to Marshall. When he gained the gloom of the back street the policeman says the man broke into a run and was only run to earth after a hard and rather lengthy chase. When caught, Dozier is alleged to have denied running at all, and to have protested any attempt at swindling. However, the policeman turned him over to Patrolman Taylor, who sent the man to the station house.

PREFERENCE FOR SAD SONGS
SHOWN BY GERMAN SOLDIERS

WITH ONE OF THE GERMAN ARMIES, IN A HAMLET OF NORTHERN FRANCE, February 13 (by courier to the Times)—Observations made by soldiers of the German army at the front shows a preference for sad songs was found to be well borne out during the experience of a night spent by the Associated Press correspondents on the battlefield here. One of the most unexpected features of the night's entertainment was hearing grand opera sung over a telephone in the midst of a battle.

In a bomb-proof dug-out, not far from the brigade headquarters in the little Belgian town of H—, where Colonel M— was introducing the newspaper men to the comforts of life underground, a regimental adjutant suddenly stepped to one of the field telephones and announced that all was ready for the "concert." The visitors then heard the opening notes of a selection from "The Walkure." The dug-out was only 400 yards from the foremost trenches. Bullets and shells were flying overhead, with the cannon adding their din to the music of Wagner. "Tristan and Isolde" and an old German folk song with intricate variations were other numbers on the program.

"Who is it?" Colonel M— was asked. "General von C—, the brigade commander," he answered. "And now, if you like, my lady will give you a concert." A short distance away, to the cellar of a ruined farmhouse, the party found half-a-dozen fresh-faced youths who boasted an improvised orchestra. One played a mouth-organ. Another and mounted half a bicycle bell upon the brass collar of a shell, giving them two clear notes. A third played an instrument made from an old soap box and strung with four wires tuned to the mouth-organ's key of G. A snare drummer, an artist in his line, and the leader completed the orchestra. The leader, who wore a disreputable derby above his field-gray uniform, belonged to a highly individual school of conducting. He would rap on the table, elevate his baton—cut from a board—and command: "One, two, three, go!" After playing a number of pieces, the soldiers sang.

"There sang 'Morgenrot'—the song of the soldiers who is to die at sunrise: 'Es geht bei gedampfter Trommel Klang'—the song of the soldier condemned to be shot: 'O Strassburg, O Strassburg'—the song of the relentless captain, who would not release the boy to his parents because 'there must be soldiers at Strassburg.' They sang of home and parents, of the parting for the war, of the lady who will never return. The colonel joined with his 'lads' in singing some of the songs. Then he sat motionless in a corner of the little room, looking down at his folded hands, his thoughts somewhere away in the Bavarian homeland. The light of the smoky petroleum lamp fell upon the old soldier's kindly face, and betrayed un soldierly tears in his eyes. This was the man who only a few hours earlier had told the correspondents that the war had brutalized him.

"There is no doubt about it, war is brutalizing," he had said. "When the first officer of my regiment fell there was no priest here and I had to read the burial service. I couldn't finish it. I broke down and wept like a child. But now I can read it clear through."

In common with all the officers at the front, Colonel M—'s preconceptions of war had been upset by the reality. "I never dreamed of such a trench warfare," he said. "I always expected that we should meet the enemy on the open field, as we did in '70 and '71. None of us, I think, had anticipated this weary living in the trenches."

"The prosperity or decay, and the strength or weakness of a nation are chiefly determined by the morality, intelligence and physical strength of the people; and if we desire to increase the standard of these three virtues our first attention should be paid to the education of the people."

"In the foreign countries numerous scholars devote their time to the writing of works on special branches of science, and from 80 to 90 per cent of the population can read and write. But in this country books are more productions. Original works are as few as the waning stars in early morning."

"If we recall the days of the Chow dynasty we find that every individual was a scholar; but such days are past and we have them no more. It is more than 2,000 years since the days of the Chin and Han dynasties, and the ancient civilization has fallen into decay."

"Now we aim at universal education, enabling every citizen of the country to be capable of government and to be rid of the old habit of dependence."

German Aero Scout Interrupts French Car Game

During an interval of fighting in the trenches in the Argonne, some French Infantry and Red Cross workers secured a pack of cards and were evidently having quite an interesting game when one of their number noticed a German scout in a Taube machine flying at a good distance above their trenches. They all ceased playing and fixed their gaze on the little dark streak in the sky. The German scout was probably on a flight to determine the strength of the French forces, as he did not drop any missiles into the French intrenchments.

instrument made from an old soap box and strung with four wires tuned to the mouth-organ's key of G. A snare drummer, an artist in his line, and the leader completed the orchestra. The leader, who wore a disreputable derby above his field-gray uniform, belonged to a highly individual school of conducting. He would rap on the table, elevate his baton—cut from a board—and command: "One, two, three, go!" After playing a number of pieces, the soldiers sang.

"There sang 'Morgenrot'—the song of the soldiers who is to die at sunrise: 'Es geht bei gedampfter Trommel Klang'—the song of the soldier condemned to be shot: 'O Strassburg, O Strassburg'—the song of the relentless captain, who would not release the boy to his parents because 'there must be soldiers at Strassburg.' They sang of home and parents, of the parting for the war, of the lady who will never return. The colonel joined with his 'lads' in singing some of the songs. Then he sat motionless in a corner of the little room, looking down at his folded hands, his thoughts somewhere away in the Bavarian homeland. The light of the smoky petroleum lamp fell upon the old soldier's kindly face, and betrayed un soldierly tears in his eyes. This was the man who only a few hours earlier had told the correspondents that the war had brutalized him.

"There is no doubt about it, war is brutalizing," he had said. "When the first officer of my regiment fell there was no priest here and I had to read the burial service. I couldn't finish it. I broke down and wept like a child. But now I can read it clear through."

In common with all the officers at the front, Colonel M—'s preconceptions of war had been upset by the reality. "I never dreamed of such a trench warfare," he said. "I always expected that we should meet the enemy on the open field, as we did in '70 and '71. None of us, I think, had anticipated this weary living in the trenches."

"The prosperity or decay, and the strength or weakness of a nation are chiefly determined by the morality, intelligence and physical strength of the people; and if we desire to increase the standard of these three virtues our first attention should be paid to the education of the people."

"In the foreign countries numerous scholars devote their time to the writing of works on special branches of science, and from 80 to 90 per cent of the population can read and write. But in this country books are more productions. Original works are as few as the waning stars in early morning."

"If we recall the days of the Chow dynasty we find that every individual was a scholar; but such days are past and we have them no more. It is more than 2,000 years since the days of the Chin and Han dynasties, and the ancient civilization has fallen into decay."

"Now we aim at universal education, enabling every citizen of the country to be capable of government and to be rid of the old habit of dependence."

German Aero Scout Interrupts French Car Game

During an interval of fighting in the trenches in the Argonne, some French Infantry and Red Cross workers secured a pack of cards and were evidently having quite an interesting game when one of their number noticed a German scout in a Taube machine flying at a good distance above their trenches. They all ceased playing and fixed their gaze on the little dark streak in the sky. The German scout was probably on a flight to determine the strength of the French forces, as he did not drop any missiles into the French intrenchments.

instrument made from an old soap box and strung with four wires tuned to the mouth-organ's key of G. A snare drummer, an artist in his line, and the leader completed the orchestra. The leader, who wore a disreputable derby above his field-gray uniform, belonged to a highly individual school of conducting. He would rap on the table, elevate his baton—cut from a board—and command: "One, two, three, go!" After playing a number of pieces, the soldiers sang.

"There sang 'Morgenrot'—the song of the soldiers who is to die at sunrise: 'Es geht bei gedampfter Trommel Klang'—the song of the soldier condemned to be shot: 'O Strassburg, O Strassburg'—the song of the relentless captain, who would not release the boy to his parents because 'there must be soldiers at Strassburg.' They sang of home and parents, of the parting for the war, of the lady who will never return. The colonel joined with his 'lads' in singing some of the songs. Then he sat motionless in a corner of the little room, looking down at his folded hands, his thoughts somewhere away in the Bavarian homeland. The light of the smoky petroleum lamp fell upon the old soldier's kindly face, and betrayed un soldierly tears in his eyes. This was the man who only a few hours earlier had told the correspondents that the war had brutalized him.

"There is no doubt about it, war is brutalizing," he had said. "When the first officer of my regiment fell there was no priest here and I had to read the burial service. I couldn't finish it. I broke down and wept like a child. But now I can read it clear through."

In common with all the officers at the front, Colonel M—'s preconceptions of war had been upset by the reality. "I never dreamed of such a trench warfare," he said. "I always expected that we should meet the enemy on the open field, as we did in '70 and '71. None of us, I think, had anticipated this weary living in the trenches."

"The prosperity or decay, and the strength or weakness of a nation are chiefly determined by the morality, intelligence and physical strength of the people; and if we desire to increase the standard of these three virtues our first attention should be paid to the education of the people."

"In the foreign countries numerous scholars devote their time to the writing of works on special branches of science, and from 80 to 90 per cent of the population can read and write. But in this country books are more productions. Original works are as few as the waning stars in early morning."

"If we recall the days of the Chow dynasty we find that every individual was a scholar; but such days are past and we have them no more. It is more than 2,000 years since the days of the Chin and Han dynasties, and the ancient civilization has fallen into decay."

"Now we aim at universal education, enabling every citizen of the country to be capable of government and to be rid of the old habit of dependence."

German Aero Scout Interrupts French Car Game

During an interval of fighting in the trenches in the Argonne, some French Infantry and Red Cross workers secured a pack of cards and were evidently having quite an interesting game when one of their number noticed a German scout in a Taube machine flying at a good distance above their trenches. They all ceased playing and fixed their gaze on the little dark streak in the sky. The German scout was probably on a flight to determine the strength of the French forces, as he did not drop any missiles into the French intrenchments.

instrument made from an old soap box and strung with four wires tuned to the mouth-organ's key of G. A snare drummer, an artist in his line, and the leader completed the orchestra. The leader, who wore a disreputable derby above his field-gray uniform, belonged to a highly individual school of conducting. He would rap on the table, elevate his baton—cut from a board—and command: "One, two, three, go!" After playing a number of pieces, the soldiers sang.

"There sang 'Morgenrot'—the song of the soldiers who is to die at sunrise: 'Es geht bei gedampfter Trommel Klang'—the song of the soldier condemned to be shot: 'O Strassburg, O Strassburg'—the song of the relentless captain, who would not release the boy to his parents because 'there must be soldiers at Strassburg.' They sang of home and parents, of the parting for the war, of the lady who will never return. The colonel joined with his 'lads' in singing some of the songs. Then he sat motionless in a corner of the little room, looking down at his folded hands, his thoughts somewhere away in the Bavarian homeland. The light of the smoky petroleum lamp fell upon the old soldier's kindly face, and betrayed un soldierly tears in his eyes. This was the man who only a few hours earlier had told the correspondents that the war had brutalized him.

"There is no doubt about it, war is brutalizing," he had said. "When the first officer of my regiment fell there was no priest here and I had to read the burial service. I couldn't finish it. I broke down and wept like a child. But now I can read it clear through."

In common with all the officers at the front, Colonel M—'s preconceptions of war had been upset by the reality. "I never dreamed of such a trench warfare," he said. "I always expected that we should meet the enemy on the open field, as we did in '70 and '71. None of us, I think, had anticipated this weary living in the trenches."

"The prosperity or decay, and the strength or weakness of a nation are chiefly determined by the morality, intelligence and physical strength of the people; and if we desire to increase the standard of these three virtues our first attention should be paid to the education of the people."

"In the foreign countries numerous scholars devote their time to the writing of works on special branches of science, and from 80 to 90 per cent of the population can read and write. But in this country books are more productions. Original works are as few as the waning stars in early morning."

"If we recall the days of the Chow dynasty we find that every individual was a scholar; but such days are past and we have them no more. It is more than 2,000 years since the days of the Chin and Han dynasties, and the ancient civilization has fallen into decay."

"Now we aim at universal education, enabling every citizen of the country to be capable of government and to be rid of the old habit of dependence."

German Aero Scout Interrupts French Car Game

During an interval of fighting in the trenches in the Argonne, some French Infantry and Red Cross workers secured a pack of cards and were evidently having quite an interesting game when one of their number noticed a German scout in a Taube machine flying at a good distance above their trenches. They all ceased playing and fixed their gaze on the little dark streak in the sky. The German scout was probably on a flight to determine the strength of the French forces, as he did not drop any missiles into the French intrenchments.

instrument made from an old soap box and strung with four wires tuned to the mouth-organ's key of G. A snare drummer, an artist in his line, and the leader completed the orchestra. The leader, who wore a disreputable derby above his field-gray uniform, belonged to a highly individual school of conducting. He would rap on the table, elevate his baton—cut from a board—and command: "One, two, three, go!" After playing a number of pieces, the soldiers sang.

"There sang 'Morgenrot'—the song of the soldiers who is to die at sunrise: 'Es geht bei gedampfter Trommel Klang'—the song of the soldier condemned to be shot: 'O Strassburg, O Strassburg'—the song of the relentless captain, who would not release the boy to his parents because 'there must be soldiers at Strassburg.' They sang of home and parents, of the parting for the war, of the lady who will never return. The colonel joined with his 'lads' in singing some of the songs. Then he sat motionless in a corner of the little room, looking down at his folded hands, his thoughts somewhere away in the Bavarian homeland. The light of the smoky petroleum lamp fell upon the old soldier's kindly face, and betrayed un soldierly tears in his eyes. This was the man who only a few hours earlier had told the correspondents that the war had brutalized him.

"There is no doubt about it, war is brutalizing," he had said. "When the first officer of my regiment fell there was no priest here and I had to read the burial service. I couldn't finish it. I broke down and wept like a child. But now I can read it clear through."

In common with all the officers at the front, Colonel M—'s preconceptions of war had been upset by the reality. "I never dreamed of such a trench warfare," he said. "I always expected that we should meet the enemy on the open field, as we did in '70 and '71. None of us, I think, had anticipated this weary living in the trenches."

"The prosperity or decay, and the strength or weakness of a nation are chiefly determined by the morality, intelligence and physical strength of the people; and if we desire to increase the standard of these three virtues our first attention should be paid to the education of the people."

"In the foreign countries numerous scholars devote their time to the writing of works on special branches of science, and from 80 to 90 per cent of the population can read and write. But in this country books are more productions. Original works are as few as the waning stars in early morning."

"If we recall the days of the Chow dynasty we find that every individual was a scholar; but such days are past and we have them no more. It is more than 2,000 years since the days of the Chin and Han dynasties, and the ancient civilization has fallen into decay."

"Now we aim at universal education, enabling every citizen of the country to be capable of government and to be rid of the old habit of dependence."

German Aero Scout Interrupts French Car Game

During an interval of fighting in the trenches in the Argonne, some French Infantry and Red Cross workers secured a pack of cards and were evidently having quite an interesting game when one of their number noticed a German scout in a Taube machine flying at a good distance above their trenches. They all ceased playing and fixed their gaze on the little dark streak in the sky. The German scout was probably on a flight to determine the strength of the French forces, as he did not drop any missiles into the French intrenchments.

instrument made from an old soap box and strung with four wires tuned to the mouth-organ's key of G. A snare drummer, an artist in his line, and the leader completed the orchestra. The leader, who wore a disreputable derby above his field-gray uniform, belonged to a highly individual school of conducting. He would rap on the table, elevate his baton—cut from a board—and command: "One, two, three, go!" After playing a number of pieces, the soldiers sang.

"There sang 'Morgenrot'—the song of the soldiers who is to die at sunrise: 'Es geht bei gedampfter Trommel Klang'—the song of the soldier condemned to be shot: 'O Strassburg, O Strassburg'—the song of the relentless captain, who would not release the boy to his parents because 'there must be soldiers at Strassburg.' They sang of home and parents, of the parting for the war, of the lady who will never return. The colonel joined with his 'lads' in singing some of the songs. Then he sat motionless in a corner of the little room, looking down at his folded hands, his thoughts somewhere away in the Bavarian homeland. The light of the smoky petroleum lamp fell upon the old soldier's kindly face, and betrayed un soldierly tears in his eyes. This was the man who only a few hours earlier had told the correspondents that the war had brutalized him.

"There is no doubt about it, war is brutalizing," he had said. "When the first officer of my regiment fell there was no priest here and I had to read the burial service. I couldn't finish it. I broke down and wept like a child. But now I can read it clear through."

In common with all the officers at the front, Colonel M—'s preconceptions of war had been upset by the reality. "I never dreamed of such a trench warfare," he said. "I always expected that we should meet the enemy on the open field, as we did in '70 and '71. None of us, I think, had anticipated this weary living in the trenches."

"The prosperity or decay, and the strength or weakness of a nation are chiefly determined by the morality, intelligence and physical strength of the people; and if we desire to increase the standard of these three virtues our first attention should be paid to the education of the people."

"In the foreign countries numerous scholars devote their time to the writing of works on special branches of science, and from 80 to 90 per cent of the population can read and write. But in this country books are more productions. Original works are as few as the waning stars in early morning."

"If we recall the days of the Chow dynasty we find that every individual was a scholar; but such days are past and we have them no more. It is more than 2,000 years since the days of the Chin and Han dynasties, and the ancient civilization has fallen into decay."

"Now we aim at universal education, enabling every citizen of the country to be capable of government and to be rid of the old habit of dependence."

German Aero Scout Interrupts French Car Game

During an interval of fighting in the trenches in the Argonne, some French Infantry and Red Cross workers secured a pack of cards and were evidently having quite an interesting game when one of their number noticed a German scout in a Taube machine flying at a good distance above their trenches. They all ceased playing and fixed their gaze on the little dark streak in the sky. The German scout was probably on a flight to determine the strength of the French forces, as he did not drop any missiles into the French intrenchments.

instrument made from an old soap box and strung with four wires tuned to the mouth-organ's key of G. A snare drummer, an artist in his line, and the leader completed the orchestra. The leader, who wore a disreputable derby above his field-gray uniform, belonged to a highly individual school of conducting. He would rap on the table, elevate his baton—cut from a board—and command: "One, two, three, go!" After playing a number of pieces, the soldiers sang.

"There sang 'Morgenrot'—the song of the soldiers who is to die at sunrise: 'Es geht bei gedampfter Trommel Klang'—the song of the soldier condemned to be shot: 'O Strassburg, O Strassburg'—the song of the relentless captain, who would not release the boy to his parents because 'there must be soldiers at Strassburg.' They sang of home and parents, of the parting for the war, of the lady who will never return. The colonel joined with his 'lads' in singing some of the songs. Then he sat motionless in a corner of the little room, looking down at his folded hands, his thoughts somewhere away in the Bavarian homeland. The light of the smoky petroleum lamp fell upon the old soldier's kindly face, and betrayed un soldierly tears in his eyes. This was the man who only a few hours earlier had told the correspondents that the war had brutalized him.

"There is no doubt about it, war is brutalizing," he had said. "When the first officer of my regiment fell there was no priest here and I had to read the burial service. I couldn't finish it. I broke down and wept like a child. But now I can read it clear through."

In common with all the officers at the front, Colonel M—'s preconceptions of war had been upset by the reality. "I never dreamed of such a trench warfare," he said. "I always expected that we should meet the enemy on the open field, as we did in '70 and '71. None of us, I think, had anticipated this weary living in the trenches."

"The prosperity or decay, and the strength or weakness of a nation are chiefly determined by the morality, intelligence and physical strength of the people; and if we desire to increase the standard of these three virtues our first attention should be paid to the education of the people."

"In the foreign countries numerous scholars devote their time to the writing of works on special branches of science, and from 80 to 90 per cent of the population can read and write. But in this country books are more productions. Original works are as few as the waning stars in early morning."

"If we recall the days of the Chow dynasty we find that every individual was a scholar; but such days are past and we have them no more. It is more than 2,000 years since the days of the Chin and Han dynasties, and the ancient civilization has fallen into decay."

"Now we aim at universal education, enabling every citizen of the country to be capable of government and to be rid of the old habit of dependence."

German Aero Scout Interrupts French Car Game

During an interval of fighting in the trenches in the Argonne, some French Infantry and Red Cross workers secured a pack of cards and were evidently having quite an interesting game when one of their number noticed a German scout in a Taube machine flying at a good distance above their trenches. They all ceased playing and fixed their gaze on the little dark streak in the sky. The German scout was probably on a flight to determine the strength of the French forces, as he did not drop any missiles into the French intrenchments.

instrument made from an old soap box and strung with four wires tuned to the mouth-organ's key of G. A snare drummer, an artist in his line, and the leader completed the orchestra. The leader, who wore a disreputable derby above his field-gray uniform, belonged to a highly individual school of conducting. He would rap on the table, elevate his baton—cut from a board—and command: "One, two, three, go!" After playing a number of pieces, the soldiers sang.

"There sang 'Morgenrot'—the song of the soldiers who is to die at sunrise: 'Es geht bei gedampfter Trommel Klang'—the song of the soldier condemned to be shot: 'O Strassburg, O Strassburg'—the song of the relentless captain, who would not release the boy to his parents because 'there must be soldiers at Strassburg.' They sang of home and parents, of the parting for the war, of the lady who will never return. The colonel joined with his 'lads' in singing some of the songs. Then he sat motionless in a corner of the little room, looking down at his folded hands, his thoughts somewhere away in the Bavarian homeland. The light of the smoky petroleum lamp fell upon the old soldier's kindly face, and betrayed un soldierly tears in his eyes. This was the man who only a few hours earlier had told the correspondents that the war had brutalized him.

"There is no doubt about it, war is brutalizing," he had said. "When the first officer of my regiment fell there was no priest here and I had to read the burial service. I couldn't finish it. I broke down and wept like a child. But now I can read it clear through."

In common with all the officers at the front, Colonel M—'s preconceptions of war had been upset by the reality. "I never dreamed of such a trench warfare," he said. "I always expected that we should meet the enemy on the open field, as we did in '70 and '71. None of us, I think, had anticipated this weary living in the trenches."

"The prosperity or decay, and the strength or weakness of a nation are chiefly determined by the morality, intelligence and physical strength of the people; and if we desire to increase the standard of these three virtues our first attention should be paid to the education of the people."

"In the foreign countries numerous scholars devote their time to the writing of works on special branches of science, and from 80 to 90 per cent of the population can read and write. But in this country books are more productions. Original works are as few as the waning stars in early morning."

"If we recall the days of the Chow dynasty we find that every individual was a scholar; but such days are past and we have them no more. It is more than 2,000 years since the days of the Chin and Han dynasties, and the ancient civilization has fallen into decay."

"Now we aim at universal education, enabling every citizen of the country to be capable of government and to be rid of the old habit of dependence."

German Aero Scout Interrupts French Car Game

During an interval of fighting in the trenches in the Argonne, some French Infantry and Red Cross workers secured a pack of cards and were evidently having quite an interesting game when one of their number noticed a German scout in a Taube machine flying at a good distance above their trenches. They all ceased playing and fixed their gaze on the little dark streak in the sky. The German scout was probably on a flight to determine the strength of the French forces, as he did not drop any missiles into the French intrenchments.

instrument made from an old soap box and strung with four wires tuned to the mouth-organ's key of G. A snare drummer, an artist in his line, and the leader completed the orchestra. The leader, who wore a disreputable derby above his field-gray uniform, belonged to a highly individual school of conducting. He would rap on the table, elevate his baton—cut from a board—and command: "One, two, three, go!" After playing a number of pieces, the soldiers sang.

"There sang 'Morgenrot'—the song of the soldiers who is to die at sunrise: 'Es geht bei gedampfter Trommel Klang'—the song of the soldier condemned to be shot: 'O Strassburg, O Strassburg'—the song of the relentless captain, who would not release the boy to his parents because 'there must be soldiers at Strassburg.' They sang of home and parents, of the parting for the war, of the lady who will never return. The colonel joined with his 'lads' in singing some of the songs. Then he sat motionless in a corner of the little room, looking down at his folded hands, his thoughts somewhere away in the Bavarian homeland. The light of the smoky petroleum lamp fell upon the old soldier's kindly face, and betrayed un soldierly tears in his eyes. This was the man who only a few hours earlier had told the correspondents that the war had brutalized him.

"There is no doubt about it, war is brutalizing," he had said. "When the first officer of my regiment fell there was no priest here and I had to read the burial service. I couldn't finish it. I broke down and wept like a child. But now I can read it clear through."

In common with all the officers at the front, Colonel M—'s preconceptions of war had been upset by the reality. "I never dreamed of such a trench warfare," he said. "I always expected that we should meet the enemy on the open field, as we did in '70 and '71. None of us, I think, had anticipated this weary living in the trenches."

"The prosperity or decay, and the strength or weakness of a nation are chiefly determined by the morality, intelligence and physical strength of the people; and if we desire to increase the standard of these three virtues our first attention should be paid to the education of the people."

"In the foreign countries numerous scholars devote their time to the writing of works on special branches of science, and from 80 to 90 per cent of the population can read and write. But in this country books are more productions. Original works are as few as the waning stars in early morning."

"If we recall the days of the Chow dynasty we find that every individual was a scholar; but such days are past and we have them no more. It is more than 2,000 years since the days of the Chin and Han dynasties, and the ancient civilization has fallen into decay."

"Now we aim at universal education, enabling every citizen of the country to be capable of government and to be rid of the old habit of dependence."

German Aero Scout Interrupts French Car Game

During an interval of fighting in the trenches in the Argonne, some French Infantry and Red Cross workers secured a pack of cards and were evidently having quite an interesting game when one of their number noticed a German scout in a Taube machine flying at a good distance above their trenches. They all ceased playing and fixed their gaze on the little dark streak in the sky. The German scout was probably on a flight to determine the strength of the French forces, as he did not drop any missiles into the French intrenchments.

instrument made from an old soap box and strung with four wires tuned to the mouth-organ's key of G. A snare drummer, an artist in his line, and the leader completed the orchestra. The leader, who wore a disreputable derby above his field-gray uniform, belonged to a highly individual school of conducting. He would rap on the table, elevate his baton—cut from a board—and command: "One, two, three, go!" After playing a number of pieces, the soldiers sang.

"There sang 'Morgenrot'—the song of the soldiers who is to die at sunrise: 'Es geht bei gedampfter Trommel Klang'—the song of the soldier condemned to be shot: 'O Strassburg, O Strassburg'—the song of the relentless captain, who would not release the boy to his parents because 'there must be soldiers at Strassburg.' They sang of home and parents, of the parting for the war, of the lady who will never return. The colonel joined with his 'lads' in singing some of the songs. Then he sat motionless in a corner of the little room, looking down at his folded hands, his thoughts somewhere away in the Bavarian homeland. The light of the smoky petroleum lamp fell upon the old soldier's kindly face, and betrayed un soldierly tears in his eyes. This was the man who only a few hours earlier had told the correspondents that the war had brutalized him.

"There is no doubt about it, war is brutalizing," he had said. "When the first officer of my regiment fell there was no priest here and I had to read the burial service. I couldn't finish it. I broke down and wept like a child. But now I can read it clear through."

In common with all the officers at the front, Colonel M—'s preconceptions of war had been upset by the reality. "I never dreamed of such a trench warfare," he said. "I always expected that we should meet the enemy on the open field, as we did in '70 and '71. None of us, I think, had anticipated this weary living in the trenches."</